

THE FUGITIVE

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

R. Ellis Roberts.

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THE FUGITIVE



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THE FUGITIVE

BY

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

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TO
W. W. PEARSON

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I

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1

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1

DARKLY you sweep on, Eternal Fugitive, round whose bodiless rush stagnant space frets into eddying bubbles of light.

Is your heart lost to the Lover calling you across his immeasurable loneliness ?

Is the aching urgency of your haste the sole reason why your tangled tresses break into stormy riot and pearls of fire roll along your path as from a broken necklace ?

Your fleeting steps kiss the dust of this world into sweetness, sweeping aside all waste ; the storm centred with

your dancing limbs shakes the sacred shower of death over life and freshens her growth.

Should you in sudden weariness stop for a moment, the world would rumble into a heap, an encumbrance, barring its own progress, and even the least speck of dust would pierce the sky throughout its infinity with an unbearable pressure.

My thoughts are quickened by this rhythm of unseen feet round which the anklets of light are shaken.

They echo in the pulse of my heart, and through my blood surges the psalm of the ancient sea.

I hear the thundering flood tumbling my life from world to world and form to form, scattering my being in an endless spray of gifts, in sorrowings and songs.

The tide runs high, the wind blows,

the boat dances like thine own desire,
my heart!

Leave the hoard on the shore and
sail over the unfathomed dark towards
limitless light.

2

We came hither together, friend,
and now at the cross-roads I stop to
bid you farewell.

Your path is wide and straight before
you, but my call comes up by ways
from the unknown.

I shall follow wind and cloud; I
shall follow the stars to where day
breaks behind the hills; I shall follow
lovers who, as they walk, twine their
days into a wreath on a single thread
of song, "I love."

3

It was growing dark when I asked
her, "What strange land have I come
to?"

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